

## **A dwelling voice**

Anna Dot, 2019

i am a voice that dwells in those spaces that you abandon, dumb, when you shut up and, like a flow of bile, that which was never said sticks into your guts and i am an unpronounceable tingling that paralyses your vocal cords to the point where you can't do nothing but laugh or drown.

i am a dwelling voice and i move inside the empty house dust particles and some of his hairs and i am the rumour of a farewell that got stucked under an avalanche of cowardice and i am echoes of a fear that resonate between these walls which saw how he was leaving and they knew, at least they did, that it would be the last time.

i am a voice that dwells in the whisper of the unsaid, that touches the curtains in the darkness of the distant love and i am readable as a nostalgia of that which is not yet lost but is already walking down the stairs and is already getting further, silent, and is already at a distance much further than what any physical space could ever bear.

and i am a voice that dwells in the suspicion and in the memory of those days in which i could have been said but you gulped, you smiled and you looked ahead. i am everything he will never know, the best kept secret, the incurable black spot, the spirit of your own resentment and i dwell within you and within the house in which you live and i am the melody on which these curtains dance, the cold breeze which skims your neck at midnight, tights your stomach and expands the oblivion of the unsaid, a big hole everytime bigger, everytime more unfathomable, inside which are falling the words of what we never said.

i am the voice which you were not yet prepared for, a voice that you swallow and takes hold of all the strength and all the thrust force that should have pushed it out and now i dwell in the threshold of that which was known and that which was unsayable, the absent words that touch everything when everything remains in the shadow of drawn shutters and you leave and you think that when you come back everything will be new but i am the trapped voice, everytime remoter, everytime more scattered, everytime more blurred, a white noise that you assimilate and i am a bitter, odd taste that nobody knows anymore from where it comes while i keep getting down through your throat.